

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF
SHORT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED
to engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VIRTUE, in
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY
the Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,
from the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

V O L. VI.

L O N D O N:

ed for the TRANSLATOR, and to be had
J. BEW, No. 28, Paternoster-Row; and
C. GEARY, No. 27, Great Marlborough-
street.

MDCCLXXXVI.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME VI.

*The JUVENILE CORRESPONDENCE;
containing the Trust.—The Canary
Bird in danger.—The Promises.—
The Journals.—The little Drafts-
Woman.

FILIAL PIETY.

* *This Juvenile Correspondence makes up the
remainder of the twenty-third volume in the
original, and the drama is an abridgement of the
Deserter, taking up the whole seventeenth volume
which therefore seems to want that variety
acceptable to the infant mind.*



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T H E
JUVENILE CORRESPON-
DENCE.

L E T T E R I.

From HORATIO to THERESA.

DEAR SISTER,

WHAT a deal of consequence
you'll think you're of in the receipt
already of a letter from me, when I've
hardly got a mile beyond the thresh-
old of the door ! However, be not very

4 *The JUVENILE*

proud of such an honour, since I write it, in the first place, by command ; as my Papa imagines if I start a correspondence and you second it, we shall acquire some ease in letter-writing, which he says can only be attained by practice, just like other arts ; and in the next place, since I write not so much for your sake, as that of my Canary-bird. When I set out, I quite forgot to recommend him to your friendship ; and I know of some young ladies, who would have an object constantly before their eyes, and yet forget it if their memory should not be continually interested by a compliment bestow'd, at seasonable intervals, upon their vanity. Know then, that in the

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CORRESPONDENCE. 5

fulness of my power, I make you governess of Minikin, and grant you the entire controul in future of his household. Take the greatest care you don't forget the duties of your office, if you would not have me take it from you. 'Tis extremely proper, I should make in this place one or two sagacious observations; namely, that the bird can no more live on nothing than yourself; that if he does not eat and drink, he cannot live; that he will be incapable of singing, if he dies; and last of all, that if he ceases singing, neither you nor I can hear him, which would be a pity. I conceive it needful also to remind you of his service yother day, when you were making

6 *The* JUVENILE

such sad work as you remember of your minuet by moving to his music while you disregarded Mr. Caper's kit. The little creature set up such a pipe, that Mr. Caper turn'd his anger all on him ; forgetting what your giddy heels deserv'd. These reasons are, I think, sufficient to engage your friendship in behalf of Minikin : but still, if gratitude and music have no manner of effect upon your marble heart, I've nothing but the thunder of my eloquence to move you.— Tremble therefore : Think him dead already. Yes, Theresa, dead ! and then determine how you will be able to support so shocking an idea. Fancy you behold him with his little feet held up-
permost, his wings grown stiff, his

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CORRESPONDENCE. 7

eyes and little beak shut fast for ever. See him laid upon his back within the little box you mean shall be his coffin, and surrounded upon every side with night shade, vervain, cypress-branches and the weeping-willow. Every body mourns him. They enquire, what cruel hand has plung'd him thus into eternal darknes. A lamenting voice makes answer, It was I, unfeeling as I am ! and instantly you throw yourself beside him. But I think you weep. If so, let me cry, Victory ! for I have nothing now to fear upon account of Minikin, or for the quiet of your shade. Besides his ordinary victuals, don't forget to let him have from day to day, a bit of biscuit or a

8 *The JUVENILE*

lump of sugar. You will also do extremely well to shade his house with something green, as it would soften his affliction in my absence. As I dare persuade myself, you will for my sake worthily perform the duties of your charge, I purpose sending you as some encouragement for all your zeal and industry, a faithful narrative of my extended travels. You will see adventures and achievements in it, such as should be handed down to late posterity. Farewell, my dearest sister. I give up the playful stile at last, to tell you, as persuasively as I am able, how I love you, and with what affection I shall always be,

Your gentle Brother,

HORATIO.

CORRESPONDENCE. 9

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L E T T E R II.

from THERESA to HORATIO.

DEAR HORATIO,

TRULY one must have queer notions to suppose a sister should be proud of hearing from her brother! I imagine all the boasting should be over upon your side in reflecting, for once at least you have performed your duty, and not had your ears pulled; before-hand tho' you lose

10 *The JUVENILE*

all merit in the matter, by insinuating you have written to me by Papa's command, and for the sake of little Noisy. But indeed, you needed not have recommended Minikin so strongly to my care, or lavish'd such a deal of rhetoric in his behalf. He's very interesting of himself: So pray don't be uneasy lest I should not use him kindly. It is true, I shall not fill his trough till it runs over, after the example of some little boys I am acquainted with, who would not care a farthing should he burst, as certainly he would, were he as fond as they are of his belly. Very likely too they make one think, 'tis all through tenderness they overload him thus with victuals; when they only do it, th

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CORRESPONDENCE. 11

They may not have so troublesome a task again upon their hands for ten or fifteen days to come. No, no; I'll show myself a deal more regular in my attention to him, as he certainly shall have fresh victuals every morning. Yesterday when I approach'd his cage to clean it, the first thing I saw was feed sufficient to subsist him for a month, without including what was scattered on the bottom. To be sure, I must confess he's such a spendthrift that he scatters more about him in an hour, than would suffice him for a year. But how shall I describe the floor of his apartment? Thanks to your attention, or your slothful waste, it was exactly like a pond, occasion'd by con-

12 The JUVENILE

tinual overflowings from the fountain, and poor Minikin could not descend for fear of being drowned. How rejoic'd he was to see the *terra firma* or dry-ground! at first, he could not think of coming down, without precaution, as he try'd it with one foot while with the other he clung closely to the wire work. Thus without the least expece have I enlarged his habitation; for he always kept upon the perches, fearing he should dirt his feet and tail at least, if not, as I have said just now, be drowned. I have strew'd a layer of fine sand upon the bottom of his mansion, and adorn'd the sides and top with groundsword, that now he may suppose himself within a shady grove. In future

CORRESPONDENCE. 13

brother, you may do as you think proper, but 'tis I that take upon me to provide for Minikin. I'll have his place serve you as a model of propriety and taste in *your* apartment. I have written now enough I think to quiet the uneasiness you intimated in your letter you were under; and I must tell you I have also my inquietudes, which I proceed to mention. You are certainly a little giddy headed, we've here a sly black cat that prowls daily. Take you care when you return. I have observed he has conceiv'd a love for Minikin, sufficient to alarm one. Yesterday betimes, when I came in to give him food, &c. I forgot to shut

the door, and puffs had crept in still after me. When I had waited on the bird, and given him what he wanted, I began to thumb your books, when suddenly I heard a tender note behind me; I turn'd instantly about, and found Grimalkin wriggling his whole body every way upon a sofa, opposite to my cage. He was admiring Minnie as he play'd his tail about, and seem'd to say, "My dear, sweet pretty bird, come now and perch close by me, or else stay, I'll jump upon your back for only see what nice soft paws I have to hug you! (but remark he carelessly conceal'd his claws.) I'll fondle you all day, and press you to my tender heart. Don't let my whiskers frighten you: they're long enough I

CORRESPONDENCE. 15

acknowledge, but won't prick. I have
a little mouth beneath them, Minikin,
with which I'll kiss your pretty beak."
Now, what do you imagine, Minikin
replied to these fine words?—Why
nothing; but with ease one might
discern he was not likely to become
Grimalkin's dupe; and I suppose in
Puffey's place he would have been as
great a rogue. Have you been his in-
structor, Brother, after all?—He
snook'd and rais'd his head, he shook
his feathers, and cast many a look of
confidence upon the orator, and con-
fidence on me, as if he would have
said, I know you very well. Your
sugar'd words, your nice soft paws,
and little mouth conceal'd beneath

your whiskers, are no less perfidious than your tender heart. You may deceive 'tis likely a poor mouse: but me—Oh no: I laugh at all your cunning, and defy your malice. I have here a friend to save me." Upon which he set a crying queek, queek, queek with all his might. I understood him very clearly; and without pretending I heard any thing, ran instantly to that part of that chamber where there stood a cistern full of water, and besprinkled our young gentleman so finely, as to put out all at once the fervour of his friendship. For he needed but one jump to be upon the floor, and as he ran away he shook his coat as if he had the ague. Recall

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CORRESPONDENCE. 17

this observation, should he come incognito upon a visit, after you've return'd.

This mealy-mouth'd, good-natur'd animal, whom many in the world resemble, made me recollect an ode our friend the Lilliputian poet wröte, and which was lying in the paper-case. I send it you, that if you know of any good composer in your neighbourhood, you may prevail upon him for my sake to set it, as they say, to music.

O D E.

OF those folks with the catamite air,
The sight, I was never yet able to bear:
With their manners so nice,
And their looks so precise,
They're no more than so many cats-
paws,
That but serve, tho' like velvet, to
hide their sharp claws.
And believe me, my friends,
All they study is how to obtain
their own ends.

Of course when I see, as says Shake-
speare, such Jacks,
So filky, he calls them, and fly
On which account, so too will I,

CORRESPONDENCE. 19

I think of a cat on the watch nigh a
table :

Of some high-season'd dish,
Whether flesh, fowl or fish,
The scent so agree-a-ble,
Attracts Pussey's nose, and he longs to
go snacks,

With a look, 'as if butter 'd not melt
in his chops,
He'll come to you, d'ye see,
And jump up on your knee,
So compleatly his part the fly hypo-
cite tops!

Then he'll wriggle his tail,
And a piteous per-meeowgh thro'
his throat slowly trail.

20 *The JUVENILE*

And your hand too he'll pat,
And appear so demure,
That you'd think it quite sure
No mischief could lurk in the heart
of our cat.

At the savoury tit-bit which already
in fancy

He has eaten up quite,

He dares scarce take a glance ;

Yet look you but askance,

And at once to your tit-bit good
night :

For taking a spring,

He'll be got on the table and then
off ag'in,

Heigh-presto ! you'd swear it was all
necromancy.

CORRESPONDENCE. 21

I wait with great impatience to receive the narrative you promise of your travels, which must needs be very curious. I shall go and dine to-morrow in the country with Mama. If any thing should happen of an interesting nature on the road, I pledge myself to give you a relation of it. Since you mean a visit to posterity, I shall be charm'd to have my portion with you in the praise of our descendants. In the interval, I wish to have it known, you never will possess a truer friend in any one than in your sister

THERESA.

B 3



L E T T E R III.

FROM HORATO TO THERESA.

DEAR SISTER,

I Return you my sincerest thanks for the delightful letter you have sent me to dispel my fears. The scene between my Minikin and your black cat, with their imaginary conversation, could not but amuse me greatly. I allow Grimalkin's eloquent harangue was very clever; but the other's queek, queek, queek, much more so, since it ended in the adversary's absolute defeat, thro' your incomparable courage;

CORRESPONDENCE. 23

and for which, you ought to have a cistern full of water in your 'scutcheon, when the herald makes you out your arms.

I have been hard at work these three days on the journal of my travels, which I promis'd I would send you, as a recompence for tending Minikin. Papa approves the thought of our communicating our adventures thus to one another. His opinion, as already I have told you, is that by this sort of correspondence we shall get into a habit of inditing with facility, and properly reflecting on such objects as may strike our sight. As much as I have written, he informs me seems to have been

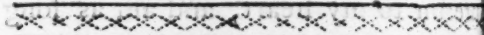
done with accuracy, and desires to read the account you've promis'd of your dinner in the country with Mama. Orlando and Louisa certainly were of the party: Oh, how much impertinence must of necessity have passed between you! but indeed, tho' you should tell me only of your own, I know you have a stock in hand sufficient to supply a chapter, and that chapter not the shortest that was ever written. To encourage you in sending me this chapter with the greatest expedition, I shall be myself as quick as possible in the collation of the several parcels of my narrative, inscrib'd on more than twenty scraps of paper. You will have it in a week or there-

CORRESPONDENCE. 25

Adieu: I clasp you in the
bosom to my heart, and am as long
as I have life,

Your brother, and your friend,

HORATIO.



LETTER IV.

From THERESA to HORATIO.

DEAR BROTHER,

WHAT can you be thinking of, let me wait so long before I see your journal of your expedition? Are you gone, like Gulliver, to some unknown strange island, for the sake of having such achievements to record, as no one will be authoriz'd to contradict? I cannot but admire the great exactitude and order you give proof of in the mention of your twenty scraps

CORRESPONDENCE. 27

per, scatter'd up and down, no
doubt in every corner of your cham-
ber. Fortunate however, if the little
thing belonging to your habitation does
not please herself by playing with the
last part of your narrative; I should
be astonish'd, were I to discover
any chasms in it, or perceive you
to have begun with the conclusion, and
to have left the sag-end, as we say, where
the commencement should be, which
would prove at least as entertaining
as the chapter stuff'd with my imper-
fections. I can't tell at present, if
a cistern-full of water would look
better in my escutcheon; but sup-
pose your sybills' leaves would
draw a special coat of arms for you.

28 *The JUVENILE*

Since my Papa desires to see my narrative, I shall make haste to send it in day or two ; but hope the intervening time will bring me your's ; for I should really be sorry to postpone my great adventures till the Grecian Calends, which I've somewhere read means just the same, as if I should omit relating them for ever. Pray embrace Papa on my account, as tenderly as you are able, and desire him to return you as affectionately as possible, all the kisses you have given me for

Your sister and your friend,

THE

LETTER V.

From THERESA to HORATIO.

DEAR BROTHER,

As I have not yet received your
 journal, I suppose you mean to give
 me a better way, and let me set you
 an example. I am very willing then
 to do so, and begin by intimating,
 that I have no occasion to go over such a
 great deal of ground as you have travell'd,
 to supply the reader with adventures.
 I had hardly pass'd the second turn-
 ing on the Clapham road, before we
 were met with a drover, who was bring-
 ing up about a hundred sheep to
 London. As our coachman thought

his honour was concern'd in not permitting such a scrubby drove of cattle to usurp the road, and make him quit his track, he drove the carriage thro' them. The poor sheep, who are accounted to have 'honest hearts, but on the other hand, weak intellects, not knowing whither they should run, in their confusion got between the horses' legs; and some were even entangled in the spokes. The drover bid the coachman stop, as loud as he could roar, but on the other hand the coachman, deaf to his vociferations, would not in the least relax his speed, and still continued on the trot. The wind was rather fresh, and therefore we had all the glasses up. My brother wish'd to know by what means the

poor sheep would free themselves from their embarrassment. Unfortunately, he forgot that if he wish'd to look about him, it was necessary first of all to let the glass down, and of course, he thrust his head quite thro' and thro' the brittle crystal, which that moment broke into a thousand pieces. You may judge, with what alacrity he drew his head in once again, but in so doing, he was slightly wounded in his forehead by a shiver of the glass. He put his hand directly on the part, and so contriv'd, as with the little blood proceeding from the scratch, to smear his face all over so compleatly, that he look'd exactly like the Jolly Bacchus, at the alehouse opposite our door.

32 *The JUVENILE*

Louisa, at this sight, was sure her brother must have had his nose cut off, and did not doubt but it had dropped among the sheep, on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Orlando! ah my poor dear Brother! till mama had, with a little scented water which she pour'd upon her handkerchief, wip'd clean his face, and given it once more that fly look, you know it is possess'd of. Well, dear brother, what are your ideas? I, for my part, fancy all the boys belonging to our family, are perfect *bare-brains*, and already this Orlando gives full proof his brains are not a jot less *barish* than his elder brother's.

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CORRESPONDENCE. 33

pen'd after this event, 'till we arriv'd at Margaret's, our dear nurse, with whom we were to dine and stay till evening. After having all of us received her kind embraces, we went through the house, and got into the fields, where we propos'd to take a walk. By accident, I was a little distant from the rest, and as I pass'd along a hedge, observ'd three little birds that had been taken by the leg in a perfidious springe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings most lamentably, and implor'd me, or at least I thought they did, to set them free. You may suppose I did not show myself insensible to their petition. Instantly I broke their bonds, and had the plea-

ture to behold how grateful they appear'd; for I could fancy gratitude in all their motions; as they flew away. This pity I had shown them did not please a little country boy who liv'd hard by, and had established very greedy hopes upon the sale of these three prisoners; so that their deliverance, as I mean to let you see, and shortly, but for accidental circumstances, might have cost us dear.

The sun towards noon had dissipated all the mists. The day was so delightful, that Mama desir'd we might enjoy the pleasure of a rural meal, and therefore recommended Margaret to let us have our dinner in the garden. After dinner, we had strawberries and cream; and at the very moment poor

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CORRESPONDENCE. 35

Orlando happen'd to be lifting up the platter to his mouth, that he might save himself the trouble of dispatching matters with his spoon, a stone (behold ye) struck it right upon the rim, and overset its whole contents upon the table, not without first plentifully sprinkling several of us round about. You should have seen us in the height of our confusion, palpitating as we sat with fright, as if we had imagin'd Jupiter was flinging down his thunderbolts among us. Margaret's husband, who is not a man to swoon away at every noise, that moment posted tow'ards the garden door, that he might catch the god of thunder, who was certainly the little

36 *The JUVENILE*

peasant that had set the springes. But the god, like those made mention of in Homer, who amus'd themselves at the expence of mortals, had already made himself invifible. 'Twas all loft labour that our hoft flood sentry at the door. He only fav'd us from the danger of another thunderbolt, that might have otherwife been pointed at us.

Dinner now was over, and I thought of paying one more vifit to the neighbouring hedges, and delivering if I could fome other prifoners; when Mama inform'd us we muft think of fetting out on our return. We got again into the coach, with fome reluctance, after having made dear Margaret our little presents each. There never

CORRESPONDENCE. 37

sure had been a finer evening. From a hill, upon the top of which our coachman stopp'd to give his horses breath, we had the pleasure to behold a spacious horizon, adorn'd with clouds of every colour, and set off with gold. The sun, that as I thought, rejoic'd in having access to us given him by Orlando, colour'd out of gratitude Louisa's face and his, with all the purple of his rays. Our cousin, who has been abroad, you know, at such a sight turn'd round, and told Mama they look'd exactly like the cherubims that Roman Catholics are us'd to place for ornament about the altar in their churches.

38 *The JUVENILE*

The poor sheep we met with in the morning, certainly must have alarm'd their comrades, and gone off, as we encounter'd none on our return. We met no sort of company but half a dozen asses, who had certainly a very reverend figure, and a mule or two. Our horses, who, I fancy, thought they could discern a family resemblance in these last, were giving up the right-hand road, and complimenting them with fifty gambols and curvets; but our proud coachman would preserve the honour of his seat, and feelingly convinc'd them with his whip, that they were creatures of much more importance; and that ranking as they did in books above them, 'twas but just they should pre-

CORRESPONDENCE. 39

serve it on the road. They were oblig'd to yield assent to arguments so striking, and got home in perfect order, and without another misadventure.

I remain, in expectation of your following the example I have set you,

DEAREST BROTHER,

Your's affectionately,

THERESA.

C 4



LETTER VI.

FROM HORATIO TO THERESA.

DEAREST SISTER,

'TIS not in the least degree astonishing, you should come off so easily in the recital of a journey, that has brought you into company with none but short horn'd creatures ; long ear'd Blackheath lions, as they call them ; and a little hare-brain'd fellow, who must run his head, as you have told me, thro' the window ; with a raga-

CORRESPONDENCE. 41

muffin pelting you. If such affairs you call adventures, I can hardly guess what name you can find out magnificent enough for mine. And after having told you what has happen'd to me in the compass of a single parish, you may easily imagine what surprising matters I should have to tell you in a longer journey. I begin to think that at the period of Knight Errantry, I should have made a pretty figure, and particularly if I sung myself the great atchievements I should make; which trust me I would do, lest any one, who might be tempted to record them, should not do it to my liking.

I dispatch you then this letter, to inform you, 'twill be follow'd by ano-

42 *The JUVENILE*

ther very shortly with a specimen inclos'd of my abilities, in the narration way. Your own narration was preceded by a letter, and you tell me I must follow your example, so that all this preparation is a mark of my respect and deference. When the specimen arrives, remember I submit it to your censure, or to mend the expression, recommend you to peruse it with your greatest possible attention; otherwise 'tis not unlikely but you'll miss of some among its singular and striking beauties.

Your's,

HORATIO.



LETTER VII.

From HORATIO to THERESA.

DEAREST SISTER,

I Shall use no preface, but begin my narrative immediately. We roll'd along in silence for the space of twenty minutes in our carriage, with no less velocity, as I took notice, than the clouds above our heads. I blessed the memory of him who first of all invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and shall always think it charming till some

44 *The JUVENILE*

other person brings the project to perfection, of transporting us still more delightfully by means of a balloon, with eagles to direct it.

I was contemplating on this subject, and our coach had got about three miles, when of a sudden I perceiv'd the driver violently exercis'd at something or another. His great coat had slipp'd from off his seat on one of the front wheels, that carried it about the center. After many revolutions, coachy had made shift to fasten on a sleeve, which he was pulling to him, and ejaculating as he tugg'd, my coat! My coat! I thrust my head out hastily to see what ail'd him when my hat blew off; so up I set in concert with the coachman, and cried

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Papa,

CORRESPONDENCE. 45

out as lustily, My hat, my hat! Poor Jeffry, from his station in the rear, stood witness to my lamentations, and leant over towards me, when, behold ye! the furr'd cap he wears fell off. He did not imitate us, crying out, My cap! my cap! but aiming to recover it when falling, somehow or another lost his footing, and came down the nearest way head-foremost. Happily for Jeffry we were going through a very donny quagmire, otherwise I can't pretend to tell you what misfortune would not have beset his limbs; at least, I'm sure his nose and chin would have been both demolish'd, as he fell into the quagmire belly downwards. All this happen'd in a minute. My Papa, in this confusion, was the only

person that retain'd his senses. He let down the glass in front, and seizing on the coachman's reins, which now were fallen from him, stopp'd the horses. Upon this, the coachman getting down, made shift to free his coat. But what long faces did he not exhibit, seeing in the middle of the back a monstrous rent, through which a judge might easily have thrust his head, and not disorder'd his huge wig. On his side, Jeffry, as I saw, had got his mouth so fill'd with mud, he could not for a time bring out a single syllable. O sister! had you seen him thus beplaster'd as he was, affect a grin, that he might show Papa his fall had broke no bones, I'm sure you would have laugh'd a month to

CORRESPONDENCE. 47

He come, at recollecting his appearance. He did nothing in the world but sneeze, and sputter, shake himself, and rub his knees and elbows with both hands : his coat, that had been green, no longer now preserv'd that colour any where, except behind. 'Twas all I don't know what.

He went a little back to seek his fox-skin cap. By great good luck, the maker had not taken off the creature's tail, but left it on to serve by way of plume. By that, it was discovered in the quagmire, and by that he got it up. When he had got it out, he was oblig'd to wring it twenty times, before 'twas in a state for travelling, even under Jeffry's arm.

He also got my hat, but not before the wind had made it cut a hundred capers this and that way in the air. It lost however nothing by so many somersets; upon the other hand, it got a comfortable coat, which it has ever since retain'd, at least in part, though all the brushes of the house have frequently been exercis'd upon it.

After we were once again prepar'd for motion forward, and affairs about us in their former order, we proceeded to philosophize upon these accidents; but after having tried to do so in a very serious strain, we fancied the best method was to take the affair more gaily. My Papa drew consolation from

CORRESPONDENCE. 49

from his purse to give the coachman :
and on my side, as I notic'd Jeffry
was in pain about his fur cap only,
since the livery was his master's pro-
perty, I tipp'd him such a wink, as I
suppos'd he'd understand, and which
restor'd him to a better temper. After
which, we all went forward, just as if
no accident had happen'd.

We were now come near a village,
when Papa discern'd an ancient sol-
dier seated on a stone beside the road.
One leg was under him, bent back-
ward, and the other stuck out stiff be-
fore him ; for alas ! it was a carpenter
had made it. A long crutch lay
quietly upon his left, and on his right
hand, sat a great black dog. Papa,

50 *The JUVENILE*

who loves a soldier, and particularly when that soldier is a cripple, courteously saluted him, and bade me sling a shilling to him, which he gave me. I fulfill'd so honourable a commission in a very dexterous manner I may say, without the least degree of ostentation, as I did not miss the hat. The soldier's gratitude was utter'd in so high a pitch, that it suffic'd to wake a sorry beggar woman, who lay sleeping not far off upon a little straw. She trotted after us, and reached the carriage, just as we were ready to alight and put up at an inn. Ah sir! said she to my Papa, how you bestow your charity! and if you give it to a drunken fellow, what assistance will you not afford an onest woman, as I am, who have no

CORRESPONDENCE. 51

swallow'd these ten years a glass of any liquor stronger than small beer. Papa, whose mind was occupied on many subjects at that instant, was not thinking of the invalid, and view'd her with a visible astonishment. Yes, yes, sir, she went on; 'tis of that drunken foldier I am speaking: Oh, I heard how much he thank'd you for the shilling, which, it seems, you threw him by this little gentleman. I'd lay a wager, that before night comes, he will have spent it all in gin. And then sir, did not you remark the great black dog beside him as he sat? A beggar keep a dog! What's that but robbing other people, who deserve assistance? Hold your tongue, said my

52 *The JUVENILE*

Papa, and seem'd quite angry. Why abuse a man at this rate, who has need no less than you of my compassion? If he drinks a little gin, I can forgive an ancient soldier such a fault: While we are seated at our ease before a good fire-side, and even you are not without so great a comfort, soldiers must endure the wind, snow, rain, and every rigour of cold winter. Where can be the wonder then, if they should have recourse to what is sure to warm them; and in time become accusom'd to it? And respecting his great dog, 'tis possible that animal may be the only friend he has, his tried associate, and the single creature who partakes of his bad days. When he had said these words, he held out two-pence,

CORRESPONDENCE. 51

without looking at her. She receiv'd them with a kind of scorn, and went off grumbling all the way, as long as we could hear her speak. The wicked wretch had made me angry. I am very sorry, sir, said I, you gave her any thing. She must be sure a very horrid creature to abuse a poor old foldier, and be envious of the alms you gave him. You are in the right, replied my father. He that wishes to excite my pity, to another's detriment, deserves my indignation only. Yet I saw she was in want, and only upon that account forgot her evil disposition. It is punishment enough that she's reduc'd to beg. Had she but kept

her tongue in bounds, I would have given her what the foldier had.

While we were thus difcourfing with each other, Boniface, our hoft, had fhown us up into a room of which one window open'd towards the road we had been travelling, and another towards a yard behind the houfe. While they were getting dinner ready, I flood looking out, to mark the carriages that were continually going by; and what can you imagine, fifter, I beheld, when I had hardly been a minute there? the beggar woman, who was now come back, and had by this time fat herfelf upon a block befide the gate-way. She pull'd out a little flafket, full of brandy from her pocket, and began to give a

CORRESPONDENCE. 55

hearty pull. I call'd out to Papa and bade him come and see. He told me not to speak, for fear we should be overheard. We both look'd at her, and soon saw the soldier likewise coming down the road, supported by his crutch, and follow'd by the great black dog. As soon as the old woman saw him hastling towards her, she put up her flasket, with the greatest haste into her pocket. We were curious both of us to overhear their conversation. Mother, said the soldier, having now got pretty near her, do you mean to take a lodging here, and have no dinner? You're not hungry I suppose. Heaven help me, said the hypocrite, and made

as if she wept, it is not hunger, I assure you my good friend, I want for: if I could but come at something good to eat, I should not much mind what it was. If that be all, replied the generous soldier, I've sufficient for us both. On this he sat down by her, flipp'd a knapsack from his shoulder, and took out a lump of coarse brown bread, together with a slice of cheese wrapt up in paper, which he held out to the woman, saying, There good woman, help yourself. She did and pretty plentifully. He put up with what was left, tho' but a trifle; and of this, for every bit he ate himself, the large black dog, got likewise some, who had assum'd his place behind, and all the while was

CORRESPONDENCE. 57

resting in a very friendly way, his head upon his master's shoulder.

During their repast, the hypocritical old woman turn'd her conversation on the unfeelingness of travellers, adding that the gentleman who had but just before alighted from his carriage, and put up for dinner at the inn before them, gave her only a poor half-penny. That can't be true, replied the honest hearted soldier. He must be a noble gentleman: or certainly he had no money in his purse but gold, which could not easily be chang'd. See, what he threw me by the little gentleman his son—a shilling! I don't often come at coin of such a caliber as this. But don't you fret yourself; for you shall be the better

for my luck. I can't be happy by myself. A good repast requires good liquor, and I have not had a drop within my lips to day, although 'tis very late. The truth is, my poor money bag was so consumptive, I could easily have pass'd it thro' a needle's eye this morning; but thank Heaven at present its quite plump and jolly, so that I can well afford to lay out six-pence for us both. Come on, good mother, let me have your hand.

He rose when he had said thus much, in spirits, and quite jovial. The old woman took upon her the attendant's part, and held him out officiously his crutch, caressing now and then the dog. I could have found it in

CORRESPONDENCE. 59

my heart to beat the wretch for this
dissembled friendship. They walk'd
up with one another to the house, and
enter'd at the gate-way ; while on
our part, we above stairs shifted
ground, and hasten'd towards the
other window that look'd out into the
yard. We heard the foldier call to
have a gill of brandy with two little
glasses, one of which he fill'd and
gave the woman, who made haste and
swallow'd it immediately. Papa by
no means could restrain his indigna-
tion any longer. Out on such a hate-
ful creature ! was his exclamation.
They both lifted up their heads. The
woman recollecting us, that moment
gave a shriek ; but on the other hand
the foldier was not disconcerted. See,

60 *The JUVENILE*

said he, good Sir, how we are making merry thro' your bounty. Let me drink your health, continu'd he, and took his hat off, with the gentleman yourson's. I never forget any one, however little that's but generously dispos'd. Much good, my worthy fellow, may the liquor do you, answer'd my papa : you have a heart I love. However poor you are, you can oblige ; so here's a trifle more to strengthen your remembrance of us ; (throwing him a half-crown piece ;) but as for all those wretches that can first abuse an honest fellow, and then drink his liquor just as if it were their own—The wretch would hear no more, hung down her head, and in confusion sneak'd away.

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CORRESPONDENCE. 62

While we were both at dinner, Boniface inform'd us, that the honest soldier we had seen whose name was Trim, had been a long while in the service, that he had not quitted it before he lost his leg, and had the friendship and esteem of all his officers. 'Tis he, the host went on, who keeps up peace and order in the village, since his soldier-like appearance awes the vagabonds about us. Every body would be glad to give him victuals, if he would but take their bounty; but he never will accept of any thing he has not merited by some good service or another, as by going upon errands, which he does with no less expedition than fidelity. I should have put him

in a passion, had I even refus'd to take his money for the gill of brandy. He asserts I ought to live by what I get in trade, whoever are my customers, and says that if I gave him any thing, I should be then oblig'd to charge it elsewhere, which would be unjust. As regularly as the morning comes, he goes out loaded with a basket full of flints upon his shoulder, and fills up the holes that have been made the day before along the road. You must have notic'd in what admirable order it appear'd. He never asks for any thing; but there is scarce a traveller accusom'd to the road, that does not throw him something as he passes by. He takes it without any hesitation, as he thinks he has deserv'd

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CORRESPONDENCE. 63

it. This is his employ all summer ; and in winter when the weather's at the coldest, he fills up his time in making children's wooden clogs, for which he takes his seat up in my kitchen chimney. It appears he generously gives these clogs to these whose parents are so poor they cannot pay his price, lest they should happen to catch cold. Or rather I should say, instead of taking money for his clogs from such, he makes them dance before him.

Well, Theresa, what may be your thoughts of this good hearted Trim ? This last particular I've told you in his story, gave me so much pleasure that I order'd you a pair immediately, which I shall take when I return. As

64 *The JUVENILE*

you are far too generous, and besides too distant to discharge the value of the clogs in capers, I've engag'd myself, as you would do, to pay him in more *current* coin than such a *skipping* sort of money. I design to give him half-a-crown, and then the clogs will be much worthier of you. They will not be useless if you mean to run about at any time next winter in the garden.

If I did not apprehend my journal had already tir'd your patience, I should have a great deal more to mention. I would tell you how, as we were going on, I terminated an important matter in a way Don Quixote, celebrated as he was for bravery, would
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CORRESPONDENCE. 65

have never thought of. You'll suppose perhaps that after such a preface, there was on inchanter, or at least a giant in the case, or some illustrious princess to deliver, or recover some great kingdom. It was nothing of all this. It was no other than a little female turkey-crammer and a goat-herd, who were struggling with each other for an apple they had found, as they were going on together. After having very gravely taken all the necessary information of their quarrel, I took up, as you may guess, the weaker party, and defended her; but not in more than words, since fortunately for the stronger, I had neither lance nor shield; or rather to con-

66 *The JUVENILE*

feels a truth, because the goat-herd, notwithstanding any spear and shield I might have had, was of a size to thrash me soundly. I discern'd immediately that I could act with more *eclat* a Solomon or Titus, and adjusted the affair in contest to the satisfaction of both combatants, by sharing equally between them the remainder of that tart you know the cook had made me, that I might not faint with hunger by the way.

I might go on, and tell you of the pitiable fortune of a hare we met with, as 'twas running 'cross the country follow'd by a pack of hounds and huntsmen. The poor creature after having often thrown them out, as is

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CORRESPONDENCE. 67

the phrase with sportsmen, by her doublings on the open plain, had climb'd a pointed rock. A furious dog perceiv'd her in this last retreat, and had the audacity to force her. I beheld them both roll down the precipice together, miserably mangled. But this picture is a deal too cruel. Is it not Theresa? Let me therefore touch on themes more pleasing, and inform you of the joy our unexpected coming here gave every one belonging to the house. If your dry jokes had not for ever undeceiv'd me on the subject of my own exclusive merit, I should think myself a cleverer fellow, from the hearty welcome we receiv'd. 'Tis much more modest

in me to suppose myself indebted for that welcome to the recollection of your visit here, which they have cherish'd ever since last year. I do suppose it, and place all my boast in thanking you for having laid the ground-work of that entertainment I am now experiencing.

And thus, dear sister, I have sent you a recital of my wonderful adventures, which perhaps you'll think too tedious. The most perilous of every circumstance attending them, was when, to give you some amusement, I engag'd to put them down in black and white. I thought I never should have come to the conclusion of my task. I will not boast of any merit in

CORRESPONDENCE. 69

the execution of my great affair, and yet I please myself with thinking you will owe my kindness something, when you come to be acquainted that at present they've been ringing for me these ten minutes to come down and eat some fritters that are growing cold, while I myself am hard at work in winding up my letter. I can hardly fancy that the heroism of fraternal love went ever yet much farther than I've push'd it in this single instance, for your sake.

Adieu, dear sister ; I'll divert myself as much as possible for your sake rather than my own, that at the time of my return, I may present myself

70 *The JUVENILE*

before you so much the more merry-hearted. I can't tell what you may think of this ; but I for my part, fancy you should look upon it as a circumstance that proves the tenderness of that attachment prompting me to show myself,

DEAR SISTER,

Your's,

HORATIO.

CORRESPONDENCE. 71

* * * * *

L E T T E R VII.

From THERESA to HORATIO.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Have often heard that nothing forms the understanding so effectually as travelling, and your narrative supplies me with a proof of the assertion, which I did not in the least expect; for who would ever think that such a little animal as you should think of

72 *The JUVENILE*

being a philosopher for having travelled eighteen miles? You told me in your first epistle you design'd the journal of your travels for posterity. Whenever therefore you think fit to send it a directed, I will take upon me to complete such sketches as are fit to bear it company, which I will get corrected by my drawing-master. For example's sake, our solemn coach-man, who without once changing place, gets hold of his great-coat, and lugs it by the sleeve; poor Jeffry rising solemnly and slowly from his quagmire, and my giddy-headed brother quite uncover'd at the chariot door, and with his eyes pursuing the poor hat in all its evolutions. Here are

CORRESPONDENCE. 73

three droll figures ; while Papa, still faithful to his character for prudence, shall be represented as in contrast seizing on the coach-man's reins to stop his horses. You don't think I shall forget the ancient soldier, and old woman dining on the block. O, how I'll strive to set off to the best advantage honest Trim, together with his great black dog, that ate so amicably, leaning on his shoulder. Finally, I'll terminate my gallery with the scene betwixt your turkey-crammer and the goat-herd, not forgetting to describe you as you represent yourself, considering gravely of their quarrel, and accommodating matters with the fragments of an apple tart. 'Tis

true, I will not write at top the name of either Solomon or Titus, which your usual modesty, without the least demur, lays claim to. I have thought of one more proper, namely Sancho Panca, as I hardly ever knew in all my life a person of more understanding.

I suppose you will not wish to be behind hand with me; therefore I give up the account of my adventures to you, in perusing which you will with ease suggest sufficient subjects to your own imagination for a set of pictures, no less interesting, I believe than those which from perusing your atchievements, I've suggested, as you

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CORRESPONDENCE. 75

see, to mine. Was I not going to forget returning you my thanks for ordering me the pair of clogs? My finances will not allow me to repay you the immense expence of so magnificent a present; therefore you will let me satisfy you for it, as Trim does the little children in my circumstances. I am learning a new caper for that purpose.

I am infinitely touch'd at your superior generosity in letting pass no opportunities of recreation, for my sake; and beg you to believe my sensibility will naturally bid me do the like.

Adieu, my dear Horatio. As I take it, we're a match for one another

76 *The JUVENILE, &c*
in unluckiness. I only wish to go
beyond you in the boast of tender
friendship, as becomes

Your sister and your friend,

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FILIAL PIETY.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

STUBBS, *a publican.*

MAUD, *his wife.*

ROBERT, *their son, a corporal.*

TRUNNION, *his comrade.*

THOMAS, *Stubbs's brother.*

PINCH, *a land steward.*

WOODVILLE, *Robert's captain.*

*During the two first acts, the scene is in
Stubbs's house; but changes to a prison
in the last.*

FILIAL PIETY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

is in STUBBS (*entering.*) and MAUD (*at her*
is for *spinning-wheel.*)

STUBBS.

HERE's a foldier coming, Maud.

MAUD (*letting fall her spindle.*)

A foldier! what are we to do?

80 *FILIAL PIETY.*

Our trade gone from us, and a soldier
to provide for !

STUBBS.

After all, perhaps, tho' 'tis not
likely he should help us, he'll have
more compassion on our poverty than
richer folks. A soldier's character,
my dear, is much misrepresented :
he has far more conscience than a stew-
ard, who is hardened to oppress the
poor by dint of habit, while a soldier's
often thinking of another life, as he
has death before him often.

TRUNNION (*entering.*)

Save you ! I am come to be your
guest. See here's the billet : 'tis for
two. Another's on the road.

STUBBS.

FILIAL PIETY. 81

STUBBS.

With all my heart, good friend, I'd entertain you, but have nothing : Tho' we keep a public-house, yet trade's so dead we can't renew our licence, which is almost out. We signified as much to Justice Parsons in the neighbourhood, and begg'd no soldiers might be sent us ; but he answer'd till our licence was expir'd, we must be look'd upon as publicans, and take the consequence. Indeed, we have not now a single customer ; the house is in reality a desert ; and my wife here, as you see —

TRUNNION.

I understand you : but for Hea-

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F

82 *FILIAL PIETY.*

ven's sake, my good people, tell me how you live without a bit of fire ?

MAUD.

When one has got no fuel, and no money to buy any—

TRUNNION.

I for my part must have some to warm me, and a bit of dinner likewise : have you any thing to give me ?

MAUD.

Nothing ; not so much as bread : we live from hand to mouth, and when we get one meal, can't tell when we shall have another. If you don't believe me, take a look about the house, and see if you discover any thing but poverty within it.

TRUNNION.

No, no ; I believe and pity you

FILIAL PIETY. 8;

I have a little money in my pocket, which I can't do better than let you partake of. My good friend, here's one and twenty pence: go buy us something good to eat; but first a little wood.

STUEBS.

And can you be so kind! I'll run immediately. (*he goes out.*)

TRUNNION.

And in the interim, with your leave, good mother, I'll examine how my arms are.

MAUD.

With my leave, good friend? Do what you please; you're welcome. (*aside.*) Stubbs is in the right: and soldiers are much better christians

than too many gentlefolks. (*to Trunnion.*) My son's a soldier likewise.

TRUNNION.

In what regiment ?

MAUD.

Colonel Sheffield's.

TRUNNION.

What's his name then ?

MAUD.

Robert Stubbs. Heaven knows if he be still alive. I have not heard about him for these four years.

TRUNNION.

Don't you be uneasy, my good woman, he's still living.

MAUD.

Do you know him then, dear Sir ?

FILIAL PIETY. 85

TRUNNION (*embarrass'd.*)

I can't tell that; but I suppose he's living, as he came of such good folks.

MAUD.

Ah, that's no reason.

TRUNNION.

But I wish your husband were return'd. If I had but the wood, I'd make a fire. My comrade's rather boisterous, and will certainly be angry if he does not find things ready when he comes.

MAUD.

Oh you'll excuse us. A good word from you will pacify him.

TRUNNION.

Words won't do with him, and

86 *FILIAL PIETY.*

he's a corporal beside. I must not speak to him as I should like.

STUBBS (*re-entering.*)

Here's a faggot, and nice bit of meat; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I am glad I've brought you back a little change.

TRUNNION.

Keep that to buy us some small beer. I thought I should have had a pint of porter; but my family's increas'd, and so my liquor must be weaker: Ah! here comes my comrade.

ROBERT (*entering.*)

Well, is dinner ready? What the deuce are you about?

STUBBS.

'Tis not our fault, good Sir, that

FILIAL PIETY. 87

matters are no forwarder. Your comrade will inform you so.

TRUNNION (*in a whisper to Robert.*)

Come, finish this child's play, and tell them who you are. (*to Maud.*) Consider this young man, good mother.

ROBERT.

Don't you recollect me?

MAUD (*after having looked at Robert with attention.*)

Heavens! can it be Bob?

ROBERT.

Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. Oh, what pleasure to behold you after such long absence!

STUBBS.

Is it possible? my son! Oh wel-

88 *FILIAL PIETY.*

come, dear, dear boy, a thousand times !

MAUD (*embracing him.*)

I see you then once more before I die ! Joy takes away my breath !

STUBBS.

And how have you contriv'd to live? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety !

ROBERT.

Yes, and yet I have not been deficient in my duty. 'Tis no doubt by virtue of your prayers, that I am safe and sound. I'm quarter'd on you : Are you sorry for it ?

STUBBS.

Can you ask if we are sorry ! Since the day you left us, we have never been so happy.

FILIAL PIETY. 89

MAUD (*whispering Trunnion.*)

My good friend, you told me something of a corporal, I think?

TRUNNION.

Well, Bob's a corporal. Don't you see it?

STUBBS.

You're promoted then! but how came that about? You could not read.

ROBERT.

My Captain got me taught.

STUBBS.

Oh what a charming man this Captain must be!

MAUD.

Who'll now make us think that soldiers are not special people!

TRUNNION.

Well, well, I can see you have enough to talk off these three hours or more perhaps : so, mother, show me where to make the fire, and dress the meat ; I'll do the whole myself.

MAUD.

At least I'll help you, my good Sir.

TRUNNION.

No, no : you have enough to do with Bob ; so do but show me to your kitchen ; you may then come back, and talk together at your ease.

MAUD.

Since you will have it so. (*She goes out with Trunnion.*)

STUBBS.

How long do you design to stay with us ?

FILIAL PIETY. 91

ROBERT.

Three days, dear father. We have made a halt here, in our way to Finchley, where the king is to review us.

STUBBS.

Ah, that's well : we shall have time sufficient to talk over many things : but let's sit down.

ROBERT.

You are not at your ease then, father ?

STUBBS.

At our ease ! oh no. Our trade is fallen from us, and in short, these two years past, 'tis wonderful how we subsist !

MAUD (*returning.*)

He would not let me stay and help

him : he's determined to do every thing himself.

STUBBS.

The kind—

ROBERT.

Well, let that rest, dear father : go on with your tale.

STUBBS.

What I have left to say is this : that we're indebted to our landlord upwards of four pounds. We cannot pay it, and the steward threatens every day to turn us out of doors, in which case we must beg our bread.

ROBERT.

Just Heavens ! could I have thought to find you in so sad a situation !

STUBBS.

We should never have been in it

FILIAL PIETY. 93

ry had the steward not contriv'd to make you, as he did, a foldier. It was wholly a contrivance on his part, of which I'll tell you the particulars some other opportunity. When he was nothing but a bailiff, and had scarce a coat to wear, I would not lend him money, and 'twas then he first of all began to hate us.

MAUD.

And at length he has compleated his revenge. Our house is to be sold, and you will not possess a groat belonging to your father.

ROBERT.

ugh If you had but something to subsist on, I should not regard myself. Here's all the money I possess. I

94 *FILIAL PIETY.*

give it you with tears, because I have no more to spare you.—Let me think a little. Can't I speak with this same steward?

STUBBS.

He'll be here this very day.

ROBERT.

Then I'll be sure to tell him something that may do you good. The king is coming to review our regiment, as I said just now; so you shall go and tell him your sad situation.

STUBBS.

I go tell him! I should not be able to pronounce a word before him. I should stand stock-still, or very likely run away thro' fear and terror, were I forc'd into his presence!

FILIAL PIETY. 95

ROBERT.

Never fear : he would return you a kind answer. I was once a centinel at Windsor, on the Terrace, when the King was walking there : it was upon a Sunday evening. I shall never fure forget with what familiarity he spoke to people ; but that's nothing ; for he met one morning with a poor man's child as he was walking thro' the town, and entering into conversation, found him such a clever little fellow, that he ordered him a guinea : when the father heard it, he was ever on the watch to fall in with his Majesty, as he was walking out. He prov'd at last so fortunate as to obtain a hearing, when he thank'd him for the guinea ; upon which the King, would you

96 *FILIAL PIETY.*

believe it, ordered him another guinea, for his gratitude, as he particularly mention'd.

STUBBS.

You don't tell me so !

ROBERT.

Believe me, I'd much rather have to speak with him than many of our serjeants.

MAUD

What a gracious king !

ROBERT.

There cannot be a better. So pray hear what I intend to do ; I'll get our chaplain to indict me a petition ; and tho' possibly you should have twenty miles to walk, no matter.

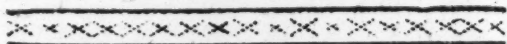
STUBBS.

STUBBS.

And what, think you, will the King
do for us ?

ROBERT.

I can't tell exactly, but we'll talk
to-morrow of it further. In the mean-
time, be assured, dear father, 'tis much
more agreeable to have to do with
great, than little people. Come let's
take a turn or two together through
the village.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

STUBBS, MAUD and ROBERT (*standing near a table.*)

MAUD.

WE have no more than two plates.

ROBERT.

No matter, mother. Our provider will be with us very shortly.

FILIAL PIETY. 99

STUBBS.

What a deal of pains he takes on our account!

ROBERT.

You don't yet know him: after fighting, he likes nothing half so well as cooking: here he comes.

TRUNNION (*entering with the meat and turnips dress'd.*)

Here friends. Here's what will warm our stomachs this cold weather. I have made a little broth; and take a soldier's word, you'll find it excellent. So let's sit down, but first say grace. Come help yourselves.—They say there's no such thing as eating broth without a spoon: and so here's mine. (*he takes a knife and spoon out of his pocket.*)

G 2

100 FILIAL PIETY.

STUBBS.

I'm very glad of that ; we have but
two. (*they help themselves.*)

MAUD (*to Stubbs.*)

The broth is excellent !

STUBBS.

I have not ate so good these many
years.

ROBERT.

Don't spare it then. To say the
truth, I've tasted worse.

MAUD.

We'd never wish for better : no,
nor yet so good, except on Sundays.

ROBERT.

Well, let's now begin upon the
meat.

FILIAL PIETY. 101

TRUNNION (*to Stubbs.*)

But how is this, my friend! you have not got yourself a plate.

MAUD.

O, never mind : one plate will serve us both.

TRUNNION.

Here's mine.

STUBBS.

By no means.

TRUNNION.

I can make myself a plate. (*he cuts a slice of bread, and puts his meat upon it.*) We should be finely off in camp, if we were forc'd to wait for plates!

ROBERT.

But father, you don't eat, what ails you?

102 *FILIAL PIETY.*

STUBBS.

Ah!

TRUNNION.

What now!

STUBBS.

I can't help sighing, to reflect I should have treated Bob at my expence on his return; but was without a bit of bread to give him.

ROBERT.

Pray don't talk at this rate, father.

TRUNNION.

No, no, don't even think about it. Come, your health! (*he drinks*) Now you, good friend.

STUBBS (*taking the mug.*)

Come, here's our benefactor's

FILIAL PIETY. 103

health; and many blessings on him for his kindness. (*drinking.*)

MAUD.

O! a thousand blessings! (*drinking.*)

ROBERT.

Comrade, here's my hearty thanks for this day's friendship shewn my parents.

TRUNNION.

Do you wish to make me proud? You drink my health, as if I had won a battle!

STUBBS.

Ay, and you deserve we should. You have yourself but little, and part with it for our sakes. (*A knock without.*)

MAUD.

Who's there?

S C E N E II.

STUBBS, MAUD, ROBERT, TRUN-
NION, and Capt. WOODVILLE.

ROBERT.

OUR Captain!

The CAPTAIN (*with his pocket-book.*)

How many are you here?

ROBERT (*getting up.*)

Two, please your Honour. (*they all
get up.*)

The CAPTAIN.

Don't rise: and you too, my good

people, keep your seats. I'm charm'd at so much cordiality. Have you (*to Stubbs*) occasion to complain of those we've sent you ?

STUBBS.

O no, sir ; if they are satisfied with us.

The CAPTAIN (*to Robert.*)

Are you content ?

ROBERT.

I'm quarter'd with my father : 'tis my comrade's part to answer.

The CAPTAIN (*to Stubbs.*)

What ! is this young man your son ? You're very happy then ; for I can tell you, all the regiment love him. (*he looks round about him.*) I'm afraid your circumstances are not of

the easiest : but you're rich in having
such a son !

ROBERT.

I thank you for this favourable testimony, and shall so behave myself, that they may never lose the joy you give them,

STUBBS.

O good sir ! my bosom overflows
with joy !

MAUD.

We should be happier, could you
let him stay with us—

STUBBS.

What wife, to die of hunger ? Would
you think it sir, this generous soldier,
though a stranger to us, bought the
dinner we've been eating, otherwise
we should not have had bread to give

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FILIAL PIETY. 107

our son. We've lost our custom;
and besides, our landlord for about four
pounds we owe him—

THE CAPTAIN.

Threatens he will turn you out
of doors: that's what you mean to
say? The case, alas, is far too com-
mon: and I pity you sincerely.
Here's a piece of gold I chance to
have about me: it will be of some
assistance to you. Robert, this is
what your conduct has deserv'd; for
'tis on your account I give it to your
parents.

ROBERT.

Ah my generous Captain! if you
knew how serviceable such a gift is,
you would say yourself I never can
repay you as I ought.

108 FILIAL PIETY.

STUBBS.

God only can repay such bounty.

MAUD.

May he grant you many years of happiness! If I had twenty children, I would let you have them every one with joy.

The CAPTAIN.

Good woman! you repay my kindness very much indeed. One child is very valuable to a parent, and you'd give me twenty! But I interrupt your dinner. Go on pray. Be ready, Trunnion, for the next relief: the guard will very soon turn out. Farewell, good people. I'll come once again and see you if I can, before we go. *(he goes out.)*

FILIAL PIETY. 109

TRUNNION.

Huzza! long live our noble Captain!

ROBERT.

So I say indeed; for he has sav'd us all from dying.

STUBBS.

He yet never sav us, and we get a piece of gold! who could have thought a stranger would compassionate our situation, when we're treated with so much barbarity by those that know us?

MAUD.

O the blessed gentleman! but how much is it worth?

STUBBS.

Good God! could I suppose I should have ever had so much at once!

110 *FILIAL PIETY.*

What is it? Do you know its value, Bob?

ROBERT.

I never saw so large a piece.

TRUNNION.

'Tis more, I'm certain, than a guinea: but can't tell how much.—Stay, let me see,—O now I recollect. 'Tis what they call a fix and thirty: there are several now going about. They come from Portugal: 'tis nearly worth two guineas.

MAUD.

What! two guineas! almost half our debt. We stood so much in fear of soldiers, and a soldier's now our Guardian Angel. God's good providence be prais'd for this repast, and

FILIAL PIETY. III

the assistance he has sent us. (*they all rise.*)

TRUNNION.

Well now, I'll put every thing away.

MAUD.

Yes truly, should I let you. Rest yourself; I'll do that part myself.

TRUNNION.

No, no; 'tis part of my employ. I'll have you recollect the day we quarter'd in your little cot as long as you both live.

MAUD.

There's no resisting you. (*Trunnion takes the things out*). I'm not astonish'd now the women are so fond of soldiers; they must make such husbands! they do all the work them-

112 *FILIAL PIETY.*

selves, and with so much dexterity ! but I must follow, or he'll wash the plates up. (*She is going, but returns*) Here's brother. Let's observe if he'll remember Bob.

SCENE III.

STUBBS, MAUD, ROBERT, and
THOMAS.

MAUD (*to Thomas*)

LOOK brother, here's a young man come to see us. Don't however take him for a common soldier. Have you any knowledge of him? Or you Bob, have

have you? Go to him: he's your uncle Thomas.

ROBERT.

Just as if I did not recollect him!

THOMAS.

I your uncle?—let me see.—No—
Yes—Yes, he himself. My nephew, as I live!—(*they embrace*) One need not ask about your health; you look so very well!

ROBERT.

I hope, dear uncle, you're as well as I am.

MAUD.

I could wish you did but know how much his Captain praises him! why can't I stay and tell you? but I'm forc'd to go, or I believe our cook

114 *FILIAL PIETY.*

would set the house to rights from top to bottom. (*She goes out.*)

THOMAS.

I rejoice, dear Bob, with all my heart to see you safe come home: however, trust me, if you have not heard the whole already, you could never have return'd to find us more unhappy. We are all as poor, as if the country had been pillaged.

STUBBS.

And our landlord's wicked steward too, would gladly, if he could, suck out the little blood that's left us.

ROBERT.

You no longer need have any fear of him, as you can pay down half the sum you owe him. He must needs

FILIAL PIETY. 115

be patient, till such time as you can pay the rest.

STUBBS (*letting Thomas see his six-and-thirty.*)

See brother; see what Bob has got me.

THOMAS (*to Robert.*)

Did you save it from your pay?
or is it pillage?

ROBERT.

Neither one, nor t'other: 'tis a present from my Captain, who was here just now.

STUBBS.

'Tis notwithstanding, all along of Bob: his Captain gave it me, because he had behav'd himself so well.

H c

THOMAS.

In truth I'm so much better pleas'd; because a foldier, who would lay up such a deal of money from his slender pay, must certainly deprive himself of many little comforts in this life: and, as to pillage, call it what you please, 'tis always villainously got, and never prospers.

ROBERT.

That was what I always thought; and therefore never would go pillaging: indeed, with all the pillage others got, I found they were not richer than myself; but on the other hand, spent half their time in prison, being always guilty of some crime or other, after they had been a robbing, for 'twas nothing else; whereas my offi-

FILIAL PIETY. 117

cers were never troubled with complaints of me.

THOMAS.

I easily believe you. All your family are honest people; and you would not, I am sure, have been the only good-for-nothing fellow of the number. We are poor indeed, but have the fear of God before our eyes, and that's much better than the greatest riches.

STUBBS.

Yes; and if the steward—

THOMAS.

Softly brother, here he comes.

118. *FILIAL PIETY.*

SCENE IV.

STUBBS, ROBERT, THOMAS and the
STEWARD.

The STEWARD.

WELL, Stubbs; to-morrow's just
at hand. You're ready I suppose to
pay your rent, or you will lose your
house.

STUBBS.

I cannot, my good sir, pay more
than half; nor should I have been
able to do that, if Providence had not
assisted me. Be so indulgent as to wait
till harvest for the rest, and don't
compleat my ruin by distressing me

FILIAL PIETY. 119

still further than I am distress'd already.

The STEWARD.

By distressing you! the common cant: the more one does, the more one may for such as you. How long pray has not this same rent of yours been growing? Yet my Lord distresses you; and why? because at last, he tells you he will have his money!

STUBBS.

But is half of what we owe him nothing? Take that half, let me beseech you, and entreat my Lord in our behalf.

The STEWARD.

Yes, yes, intreat he'd let you lead him by the nose another twelve

month ! I shall hardly do so : there-
therefore pay the whole ; or else I
seize, that's certain.

ROBERT.

O a little mercy, my good fir ; and
think that with a single word you have
it in your power to make my father
happy. If there's nothing goes un-
punish'd in this world, 'tis surely no
small matter to reduce an honest man
to beggary.

The STEWARD.

Mind your musquet, and not my
affairs.

THOMAS.

Excuse a soldier's bluntness, my
good fir.

The STEWARD.

Hold your tongue likewise.—I have you down in my papers I believe.

THOMAS.

I'm sure you have; and not me only, but all honest people.

The STEWARD.

What do you mean by that?

MAUD (*entering with Trunnion at the noise.*)

The steward here!

STUBBS.

Be quiet, wife.—For Heaven's sake, let me beg you, Mr. Steward—

The STEWARD.

All your prayers are useless; and to-morrow you shall set out on your travels.

MAUD.

You will surely have some pity on us. We shall soon get work. Here's half your money, and our house will still be standing for the other half, if we should break our word.

The STEWARD.

Still standing! You may burn it; but if not, I must obey the orders of his Lordship.

ROBERT.

Has his Lordship order'd you to ruin a whole family, for what my father owes him? You are paid to take whatever care you can of his affairs; and by proceeding as you would, don't earn your wages. Therefore take my counsel, and for once fulfil your duty.

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THE STEWARD.

You won't tell me what my duty is : so you may keep your counsel to yourself ; I tell you that.

ROBERT.

And you, I tell you, may be civil.

THE STEWARD.

And who taught you all this impudence ?

TRUNNION.

Suppose yourself a moment in this young man's situation. He's a soldier, and a soldier knows much better what to say than any Steward. You have dar'd to tell his father he shall go upon his travels. We all know the meaning of that phrase ; and would you have him silent like a criminal

124 *FILIAL PIETY.*

before you? Who could keep his temper at the thought of such a fellow—

The STEWARD.

Is it come to this? (*furiously to Stubbs*) Are you dispos'd to pay? I ask you but once more.

STUBBS.

I've told you 'tis not in my power.

MAUD.

And offer'd you the all we have.

The STEWARD.

I'll have the whole or nothing.—
If it is not sent to-morrow, you'll hear from me.

ROBERT (*stopping him.*)

Once more.

The STEWARD.

Let me go. I'll not have any thing to do with such a ragamuffin.

FILIAL PIETY. 125

ROBERT (*striking him.*)

Ragamuffin! there, take that: and out with you. Old rascal! get you gone! (*he pushes him out.*)

The STEWARD.

O vengeance! vengeance!

STUBBS.

We are ruin'd!

ROBERT.

Don't be frighten'd, father. Had you wept even blood, he would not have relax'd. I never struck a man before; but never have I hitherto been call'd a ragamuffin. Could I be a foldier, had I borne it?

TRUNNION.

If you had not struck him, I was ready to strike you.

STUBBS.

Who knows what it may cost us ?

ROBERT.

What, because I would not be insulted !

MAUD.

It was very wrong in you ; for notwithstanding he insulted you, yet still you should have recollected he's a steward.

ROBERT.

Stuff ! he's not the first of his profession that has undergone a soldier's vengeance. I, for my part, think it perfect sympathy, that when a soldier sees a rogue, he naturally knocks him down.

FILIAL PIETY. 127

MAUD.

I can't help thinking we should certainly have softened him at last.

ROBERT.

No, trust me, never.

MAUD (*to Stubbs.*)

What think you, my love? 'Twill be much better for us to go after him.

ROBERT.

It would be useless.

STUBBS.

No, no: I'm resolv'd; so Maud, let's go together.

ROBERT.

If you must, you must; but if he yields, I'll go and lick his feet.

STUBBS.

Come wife, let's try this only me-

thod left us ; and God's will be done, if it should fail. (*She goes out with Stubbs.*)

TRUNNION.

Your mother, I can see, has all her necessary consolations ready when she wants them. I'll go see, on my side, if our comrades can assist you.

S C E N E V.

ROBERT and THOMAS.

ROBERT.

AND do you think, uncle, I've expos'd my parents to the Steward's malice more by my behaviour, than they were already ?

THO.

THOMAS.

Trust me, so I fear, though it was bad enough before, between them. And yet nephew, they might certainly have mended their affairs last week, if they had only had a little less compassion.

ROBERT.

How, dear uncle?

THOMAS.

They discover'd a deserter, but would not inform against him, notwithstanding the reward.

ROBERT.

Indeed!

THOMAS.

The blacksmith here hard by, was not so scrupulous, and got the money.

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ROBERT (*to himself.*)

A deserter! — I've a thought.—
(*to Thomas*) O uncle! I can save my
father, if I please; but must have
your assistance. May I trust you?

THOMAS.

Certainly.

ROBERT.

But can you keep a secret?

THOMAS.

I have always thought I could.

ROBERT.

Whatever happens?

THOMAS.

Yes, provided there's no wicked-
ness in the affair.

ROBERT.

None, uncle.

THOMAS.

Well then, speak.

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ROBERT.

But were you to betray me?

THOMAS.

It must sure be some extraordinary matter?

ROBERT.

Yes; but you will have no reason to fear any thing?

THOMAS.

Well, come then to the purpose.

ROBERT.

I'll desert this very night: you shall secure me, and get fifty shillings by it, which will pay my father's debt.

THOMAS.

I fancy you're turn'd fool! What, I secure you? I your uncle? why not

132 *FILIAL PIETY.*

bid me take a musquet up at once and shoot you ?

ROBERT.

There's no musquet in the case. A soldier's never shot the first time he deserts.

THOMAS.

Well then, at least he's flogg'd severely.

ROBERT.

But I need not fear even that ; for all the regiment love me, and I'm sure I shall get off.

THOMAS.

No, no, I can't consent. Suppose your father were to know it ?

ROBERT.

Can he know it, if we're secret ? For deserting, as I've told you, I shan't

FILIAL PIETY. 133

die: though were there any room to fear it, I have often risked my life to benefit my country; I can risk it surely then to benefit my father. Think too, he's your brother, and that this way only we can save him and my mother too from beggary, and very likely death.

THOMAS.

The devil sure has brought me into this temptation. I can't tell what resolution I should take.

ROBERT.

Remember you have promis'd me, and can't now break your word. In my despair, I shall desert, and then my father will get nothing by it. So

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that you have no affection for your family, if you refuse me.

THOMAS.

No affection!—you hold out a knife before me, and are ready, as it were, to stab me to the heart.

ROBERT.

Well, uncle, take your choice: time presses.

THOMAS.

But should you deceive me, nephew! should your sentence be—

ROBERT.

Of death, I've told you there's no fear. At worst, 'twill not exceed a whipping. I know how to suffer; and at every lash, I shall bethink me I have sav'd my father.

FILIAL PIETY. 135

THOMAS.

Well then, I consent to do as you direct me ; but should matters fall out otherwise ?

ROBERT.

How can they fall out otherwise ? Embrace me, and be secret. They call over, as we say, the muster-roll at six, and he that does not answer to his name, is prick'd as a deserter : after which, you shall conduct me to the guard-room, and inform them you detected me deserting.

THOMAS.

'Tis the first deceit I ever was concern'd in.

ROBERT.

Don't reproach yourself, dear un-

136 *FILIAL PIETY.*

cle, with it; since 'twill get us both a blessing. Let's embrace once more, and now go find my father. But take care; let me conjure you not to cause suspicion. If I'm doing wrong, God will assuredly forgive me. What should not a dutious son do, for the preservation of his parents?

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

Drums and other Music at a distance.

TRUNNION (*coming in.*)

O My poor dear Bob! He should have told us his distress about the cursed Steward, and not thus deserted. Who would have imagin'd it last night! to have gone off, been apprehended, and gone through the punish-

138 *FILIAL PIETY.*

ment, and all within the compass of a night and morning : but 'tis over, and I'm glad it is so. He has borne it like a hero ; and the regiment that so lov'd him hitherto, will, I am sure, not love him less in future. I, for my part, could not have gone thro' half the punishment : but here he comes.

ROBERT (*entering, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven.*)

Thank Heaven ! 'tis over, and my father's safe !

TRUNNION (*in surprise.*)

His father's safe !

ROBERT.

Dear Trunnion !

TRUNNION (*embracing him*)

O my dearest friend ! how fares it with you ?

FILIAL PIETY. 139

ROBERT.

Don't shed tears, for my sake, comrade. I'm much happier than you think.

TRUNNION (*aside.*)

What signifies all this?—Shall I go fetch the surgeon?

ROBERT.

No, dear Trunnion, thank you.

TRUNNION.

Well, at least then, take a drop of something to support you. (*giving him a glass of liquor.*)

ROBERT (*squeezing Trunnion by the hand.*)

Thank you heartily, good comrade.
(*he drinks.*)

TRUNNION.

I'm rejoic'd, the court in conse-

quence of our request in your behalf
remitted so much of your sentence
but pray tell me, comrade, what pos-
sels'd you to desert thus ?

ROBERT.

I'm asham'd, dear Trunnion, to
conceal the reason from you : so don't
ask me ; 'tis a secret I can never men-
tion.

THOMAS (*entering violently agitated.*)

Well, now are you satisfied ? —

TRUNNION.

Softly, softly ! (you seem agitated;)
don't disturb your nephew.

ROBERT (*whispering his uncle*)

You are angry, uncle : should you
speak of the affair between us, you
undo me.

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THOMAS.

I'm undone already.

ROBERT.

Are you serious? (*to Trunnion*)
Prishee, my good friend, leave us a
moment to ourselves.

TRUNNION (*aside.*)

I'm glad I've an excuse for getting
off. *Thank Heaven 'tis over, and my
father's safe! and 'tis a secret I can
never mention!* 'Tis quite plain, his
quarrel with the steward did not
(as I thought) occasion his desertion.
There's some mystery hid beneath all
this! While they're conversing, I'll
go tell our captain what I think of
the affair. (*he goes out.*)

THOMAS.

Yes, so it is: your father's in so

great a passion, he won't see me since he has learnt 'twas I inform'd against you and received the money. What then shall I do? There's scarce a boy but what will pelt me in the village for my treachery, as they call it; and all this thro' you.

ROBERT.

Be pacified, dear uncle: every thing will yet be well. The worst is past; and you have only to go back and tell my father I desire to see him.

THOMAS.

No, not I:—he won't permit me to approach him. I inform'd you so before. But what! I see him coming with my sister.

SCENE II.

ROBERT, THOMAS, STUBBS, MAUD.

MAUD (*running up to Bob.*)

WHAT have you been doing, son?
How could you cause us so much sorrow?

STUBBS (*in anger.*)

Are you here, abominable wretch?
You have yourself converted all the
joy you gave me yesterday into distress
and sorrow. I will never see you
more.

ROBERT.

Dear father, pray forgive me: I
have undergone my punishment.

STUEBS.

For your desertion ! You have not yet suffered for disgracing us in our old age. Sure sixty years, all pass'd without a blot upon our character, entitled us to hope we should have died without one ; and 'tis you that have dishonour'd us : But we renounce you.

ROBERT.

Pardon, pardon me, dear father, Heaven's my witness, I have not disgrac'd you, or was far from wishing to disgrace you.

THOMAS (*aside.*)

Oh what torture, to hear this, and yet be forc'd to stand thus silent !

ROBERT

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ROBERT (*following Stubbs.*)

Do not, do not father leave me thus,
without embracing me! Oh, stay a
moment, and you mother, can you
show yourself as cruel?

MAUD.

What can I do, son?

STUBBS.

Never call him son in future: he
has forfeited that name.

MAUD.

Forgive him, my good man; for he
is still our child.

THOMAS.

Yes, brother, let your heart be
mov'd to pity his affliction.

STUBBS.

Hold your tongue you also. You

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are full as bad as he is : you that sell your nephew for the sake of money. I'll no more in future be your brother, than his father.

MAUD (*having talked a little while with Bob.*)

Hear me, Husband ; he makes solemn promises : so pray don't kill us both. He's after all our child, the only one we have, and can I then not love him ?

STUBBS.

Don't speak one word more, but follow me. (*he is going out, but Bob gets hold of him.*)

ROBERT.

Once more, and I have done. Why is it you renounce me?—for

FILIAL PIETY. 147

deserting? But, dear father, if the King accepts me after my desertion, you may do so too.

MAUD.

Hear that, my love; and recollect how much his captain yesterday advanced in his behalf.

STUEBS.

I see him coming; so I'll speak to him before I answer.

S C E N E III.

ROBERT, THOMAS, STUBBS, MAUD,
Captain WOODVILLE, and TRUN-
NION.

STUBBS.

AH, Sir, does it not afflict you, when
you recollect that yesterday you said
so much in praise of my unworthy
son?

The CAPTAIN.

He had deserv'd it: tho' indeed,
I could not have suppos'd my com-
mendation would have had such bad
effects. But, (*to Robert.*) tell me,
what could possibly induce you to
desert? You must have had some very

urgent motive. Let me know the secrets of your heart, whatever be the consequence: you have been punished, and have therefore nothing now to fear.

ROBERT.

My worthy Captain, do not I beseech you take away your favour from me: I'll endeavour to deserve it.

The CAPTAIN.

If you tell the truth, I will not. For to fancy you deserted for a quarrel this good friend of your's here (*pointing to Trunnion*) tells me you have had, is hardly possible.

ROBERT.

And yet your honour may be certain there's no other reason. 'Tis

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well known I never was remarkable for quarrelling with any one: the least offence appears enormous, when one has not been accustom'd to it. I was so disturb'd at the affair, it took away my reason; and besides, the unhappy situation of my father aided to distract me.

THE CAPTAIN.

'What then signified those words you said to Trunnion: *'Tis a secret I can never mention*, when he ask'd your motive for desertion? and the following stronger still: *Thank Heaven 'tis over, and my father's safe.*

STUBBS (*astonish'd.*)

Were those his words, Sir? God forgive me, but the Devil surely must have turn'd his brain.

FILIAL PIETY. 151

ROBERT, (*sighing.*)

I don't remember saying any words like those you mention.

TRUNNION.

Yes, yes, Comrade; that you did, when first you enter'd. It was I myself that heard you; and from friendship, went and told his honour my conjectures.

ROBERT.

They must then have certainly escap'd me in my pain.

THE CAPTAIN.

They might so; yet they're not without a meaning.

ROBERT (*in great embarrassment.*)

I don't know what answer I shall make you,

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THE CAPTAIN (*taking him by the hand.*)

Don't, my honest fellow, study to deceive us. 'This desertion has some other reason than your quarrel. Your dissimulation very much displeases me; and you are likely to lose all my friendship.

ROBERT.

I've no more to say.

THE CAPTAIN.

I see you are not worth the trouble I am taking for you; and no longer wish to be inform'd of any thing about you. You are more indifferent to me than the worst of men, and don't know how much you have lost by this prevarication.

THOMAS.

I must tell it then at last.

ROBERT.

Dear Uncle, would you wish to make us more unhappy than we are?

THOMAS (*to the Captain.*)

I can explain the whole affair, Sir; but have room to apprehend the mischief will become still greater.

THE CAPTAIN.

No, there's nothing you need fear. I promise you as much.

THOMAS.

Well then, good Sir, it was to save his parents he deserted: He found means to make me turn informer, and get fifty shillings, that his father might have wherewithal to pay his debts: but now, his father will not hear a word about the money or his son. Let me beseech you therefore, Sir,

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to rid me of this money, that I cannot keep, and interpose at least with your authority and kindness, that my brother may be profited by what his son has; so affectionately done to benefit him.

(Every one appears astonish'd.)

ROBERT *(bursting into tears.)*

You have heard the truth: however, I beseech your Honour to believe that nothing but my father's safety could induce me to desert my colours. I despis'd the danger, hoping I should save him; but since every thing's discover'd, and my hopes all lost, must suffer more severely.

STUBBS *(embracing Robert.)*

What, dear Bob, and was it for my sake you did all this?

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MAUD (*embracing him also.*)

Yes, now indeed we may embrace him: tho' indeed my heart inform'd me all along he could not be so guilty.

The CAPTAIN (*taking Robert by the hand.*)

Oh my generous youth! what tenderness and courage! Yet to say the truth, your filial piety has carried you too far; for to desert is always blameable.

STUBBS.

Most certainly! Heaven keep me from becoming richer by a penny of this money.

ROBERT.

There now Uncle, see what comes of your revealing the affair. I've

156 *FILIAL PIETY.*

made myself a double criminal to get
my father money, which you find he
won't accept of.

THOMAS.

Yes, yes ; you have this to charge
me with, I must acknowledge ; but
his Honour made me first of all
promise.

THE CAPTAIN. (*to Thomas.*)

Let your brother have the money.
Take it (*to Stubbs.*) my good friend
for Robert has deserv'd it richly.

STUBBS.

I can never bring myself to take
such ill-got money.

THE CAPTAIN.

I *will* have you take it : and what's
more, I'll go and tell the matter to our
Colonel. (*to Robert.*) You've not done

FILIAL PIETY. 157

your duty as a soldier, I acknowledge; but have shown yourself a son in such a manner that he cannot but be mov'd when made acquainted with it. Wait me: I'll return immediately.

S C E N E IV.

ROBERT, THOMAS, STUBBS, MAUD,
TRUNNION.

ROBERT.

MY consolation is that I can now with greater confidence entreat you to forgive me, as I've finish'd your misfortunes, and the steward will not have it in his power to hurt you.

TRUNNION.

Yes, my good old man, forgive

158 *FILIAL PIETY.*

your son : he will be cur'd the sooner
if he has your blessing : and beside
you ought to think he will possess your
cottage after you.

STUBBS.

He will, and therefore I'll prefer
it for him. So do you forgive your
father, who has us'd you thus un-
kindly : Heaven can tell how much
I suffer'd from the thought that you
had left your colours ; and it seems
you were discharging even then your
duty towards me. How shall I repay
you for so much affection, in the little
time I have to live ?

ROBERT.

By loving me as you have always
done.

FILIAL PIETY. 159

MAUD.

O yes! and ten times more; for every bit of bread we eat, we'll say to one another, 'tis our dear son's gift.

ROBERT.

I'm satisfied. So thank ye, uncle, for the service you have done me.

THOMAS.

O yes, I am sure you ought to thank me! And now brother, have you still a grudge against me? Things would not have had this turn, had I refus'd my nephew's wish; and since you pardon him, you may extend your liberality to me.

STUBBS.

What can excuse your conduct, brother? I may throw myself into the flames; but he that lights them

160 *FILIAL PIETY.*

for me, ought to be considered cruel.
Yes, indeed. However, I'll not hate
you : there's my hand.

TRUNNION.

Comradè, hitherto I've lov'd, but
now respect you. Let's embrace
then, and be always friends.

The CAPTAIN (*coming in again.*)

Good luck ! good luck ! you are
a serjeant on the spot. The colonel,
when I told him the affair between
your father and yourself, was happy
to promote you. Take this also (*giving
him a purse of money.*) from him,
as a witness how much he applauds
your filial piety.

STUBBS and MAUD.

O, Sir ! may Heaven reward you !

The

FILIAL PIETY. 161

The CAPTAIN.

Nothing in all this is due to me :
the colonel has done every thing.

*(Robert embraces his parents, one after
the other, and then turning to the Cap-
tain, says,)*

I beg your Honour's pardon.

The CAPTAIN.

You deserve the pleasure of em-
bracing those that gave you birth, to
whom you have so well discharg'd your
duty.

THOMAS.

Well, could any one have thought
old Thomas, simple as he is, would
come to make a serjeant, as 'tis plain
I have !

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L

TRUNNION.

Yes, yes; and therefore, Mr. Serjeant—

ROBERT (*embracing him.*)

Neither Mister, nor yet serjeant; but as hitherto, still call me comrade.

TRUNNION.

Well then, comrade, let's break of a little for the present : and as nothing like good liquor suits a joyous time, as soon as we are able, make up for the villainous small beer of yesterday. His Honour and the Colonel shall be toasted first. So now let's beat our march.

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End of Vol. VI.

r.

Mr.

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com

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